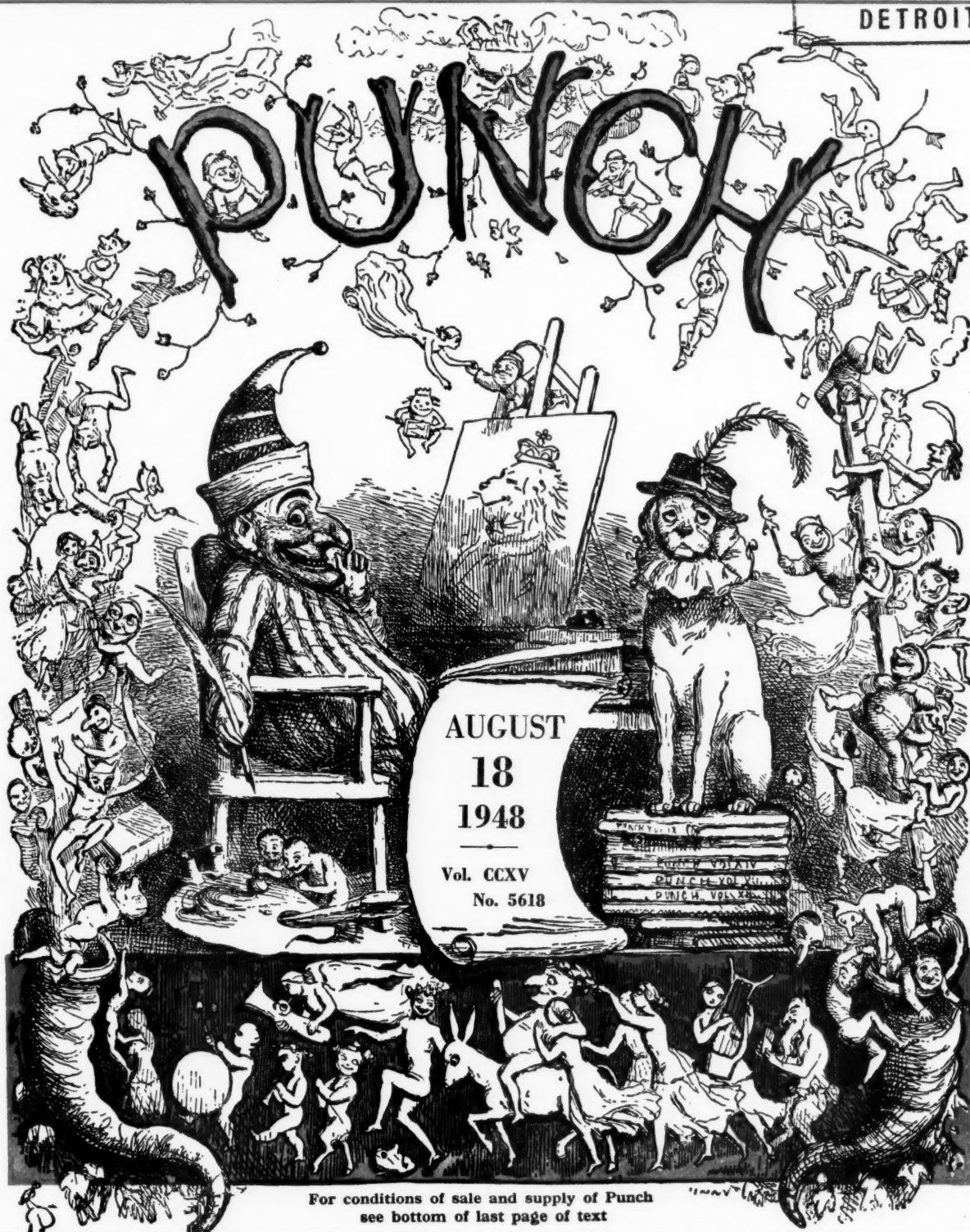


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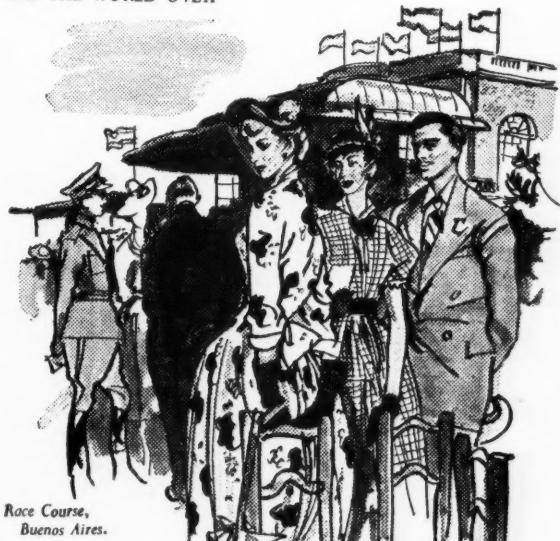
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MACKESON'S STOUT sets you up wonderfully

ALL THE WORLD OVER



Race Course,
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If it fastens . . . Newey's make it—for the hair, for clothing, corsets, furnishings, leather goods; Hooks & Eyes, Snap Fasteners, Pins, Clasps, Buckles. Made in England—for the World.

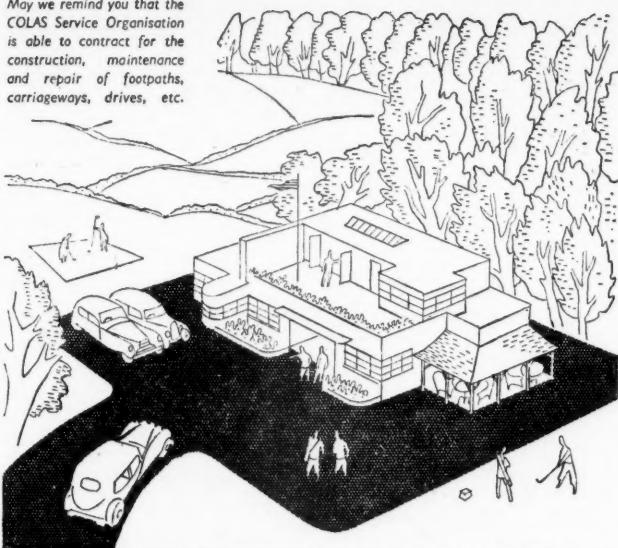
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Inner Cleanliness
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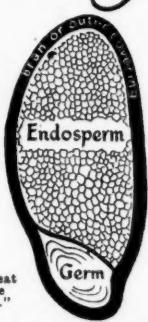
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THE SURFACE THAT CAN TAKE IT

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About STONEGROUND WHOLEMEAL bread

WHAT THE RADIO DOCTOR says



Residents in Manchester & the South may now obtain Hindhaugh's Wholemeal in 3 & 6 lb. Bags from John Williams & Sons, Ltd., 400 Dickinson Road, Longsight, Manchester 13, and from HARRODS LTD London SW1

"To put it simply, the wheat grain, or berry, consists of three important parts—its covering layers, or shell, or bran; the new and growing plant, the germ; and the store of starch upon which it feeds in its early stages, the endosperm.

OUR 'PETROL'

The starch of the grain supplies the calories, the energy, the human fuel of both flour and bread. It is petrol for the human motors. The germ, though it supplies little energy, contains most of the calcium, most of the iron, and almost all the vitamins. It is the place where the 'extras' are kept. The bran provides the roughage which helps the human inside to do its job.

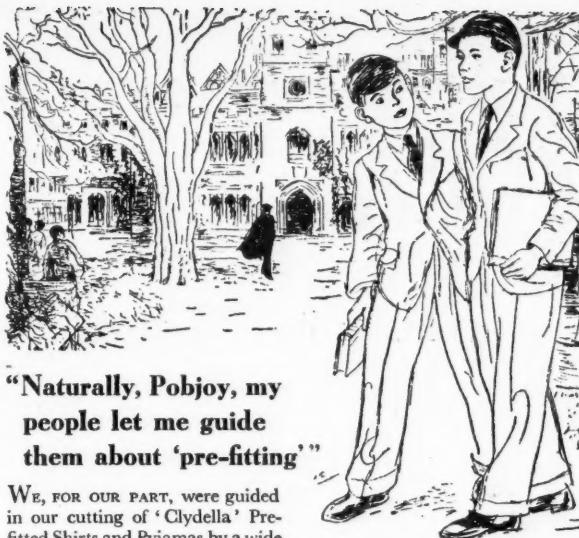
Two hundred years ago, most Englishmen lived and worked on the land, working hard and living simply. They lived mainly on bread and oatmeal, milk and butter, potatoes and vegetables, eating precious little meat.

Their diet was good if monotonous. They made their bread by crushing the grain of the wheat in the old-fashioned stone-mill. Every bit of the grain—endosperm, germ, and bran—was crushed. Every bit went into the bread, with the result that it was 100 per cent. wholemeal and, incidentally, greyish in colour."—Ex. "Daily Mail," 10/4/45.

Reprinted in the interests of HINDHAUGHS stonground WHOLEMEAL.

Hindhaugh's STONEGROUND WHOLEMEAL

Hindhaugh's Ltd., 38 Cloth Market, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I (H)



"Naturally, Pobjoy, my people let me guide them about 'pre-fitting'"

We, for our part, were guided in our cutting of 'Clydella' Pre-fitted Shirts and Pyjamas by a wide and careful study of many hundreds of schoolboys' measurements. That is why these shirts and pyjamas are made in long as well as normal fittings. You will notice, too, that

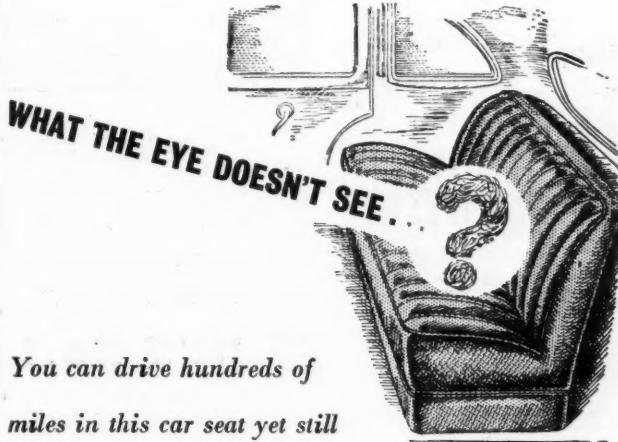
they have generous tucks and hems, to allow for growth. We wish that supplies of 'Clydella' were more generous, too, but we hope they will steadily improve.

'Clydella'

REG.
PRE-FITTED SCHOOL SHIRTS & PYJAMAS
If they Shrink - we Replace

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You can drive hundreds of miles in this car seat yet still feel fresh as a daisy. Why is it so comfortable? The answer is—"Curled Hair". It's used in all kinds of upholstery; so, when buying furniture or mattresses, ensure your comfort by specifying curled hair filling.

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"You must remember Whatsisname . . .

Medium height . . . cleanshaven chap . . . used to come in here for a Pimm's No. 1 . . . swore it made his hair grow. Mind you, I sometimes think he was having us on . . . probably drank Pimm's because he liked it."

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We make it from suave London distilled gin, hard-to-get liqueurs from France and Holland and, of course, a certain something. You add bottled lemonade and ice—and you have the most heavenly drink on earth.



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INHALANT

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all shrewd judges smoke



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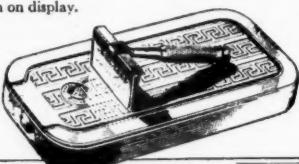
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difficult
to buy a

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are earning much needed foodstuffs from abroad. Atco Owners at home contribute loyally to the "grow more" campaign. This common effort means less new Atco machines and more make-do, but the effort is worth while because the need is vital.

Stones can ruin blades.
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TOOTHPASTE

Standard size 1/4 (inc. tax)
Large size 2/- (inc. tax)

GR 103-100-55

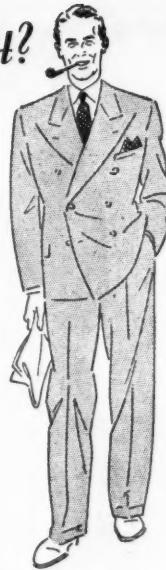
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No, just a suit that looks new, thanks to University Tailors "Care of Clothes by Subscription" Service. Let us collect your suits, overcoats and costumes for dust-freeing, stain-removing, minor renovations, re-shaping and tailor pressing every week, fortnight or month. Regular attention keeps your clothes like new.

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P6

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Healthy Hair

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BRYLCREEM
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County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middx.

royds 31/6

Punch, August 18 1948

WOOL AND THE WOMAN

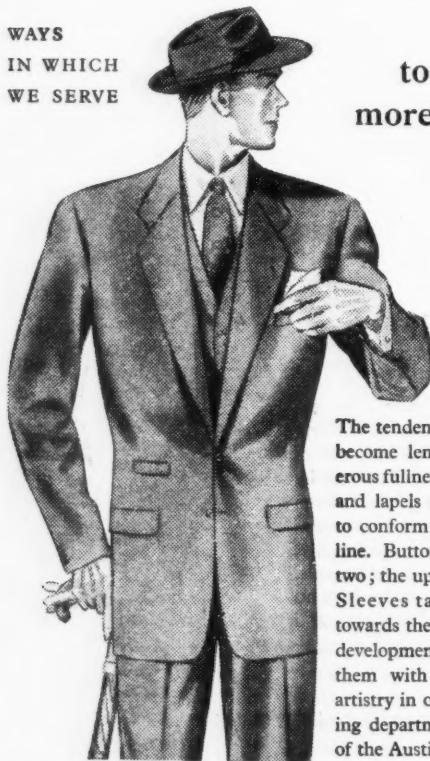
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WAYS
IN WHICH
WE SERVE



towards the
more generous
jacket

The tendency is for jackets to become lengthier, with generous fullness at the shoulders, and lapels narrower and cut to conform with the changed line. Buttons are reduced to two; the upper one buttoned. Sleeves tapering slightly towards the cuffs. To observe developments and interpret them with imagination and artistry in our bespoke tailoring department is just a part of the Austin Reed service.

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—the Long-life, Hardest-wearing tyre"

Tough and reliable for mile after trouble-free mile, Goodyear tyres are built to give Long Life and Hard Wear. Every Goodyear tyre has been tested and re-tested for these qualities. Remember, the All-Weather Tyre with the Diamond Tread design is always there for your safety!

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THE TYRE WITH THE DIAMOND TREAD DESIGN



PUNCH

OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5618

August 18 1948

Charivaria

THE upshot of the U.S. Progressive Party's convention is that Mr. Henry Wallace won't stand for President Truman.

Young couples anxious to marry are being urged by their parents to wait until flats are available. Nowadays so many parents dread the idea of not being parted from their children by marriage.



Schoolboys are being urged to save more. Many have written home for more to save.

A veteran huntsman recalls a meet in the 'eighties when he was thrown from his mount while drinking a stirrup-cup. Elderly readers who in those days frequently slipped off horsehair sofas at afternoon tea will know exactly how he felt.

A police witness stated that hundreds of people stopped to watch two Poles fighting in North London. This rush for free spectacles has been going on since 5th July.

Ashes knocked from a pipe caused ten acres of heath to be burnt out. And there have been several moustache fires due to the severe shortage of cigarettes.

An American actress has had her face lifted for the third time. So much for the theory that a girl can only be young once or twice.

A report says tempered optimism prevails in Moscow. We hope it prevails on Mr. Molotov.

A twenty-six-stone Yorkshireman uses a specially made chair at home. When he visits friends they invite him to come in and stand up.

"FOR SALE
2 FORMS
10 ft. x 10½ ins."
Notice in shop window.
Or ditto free at any post office.



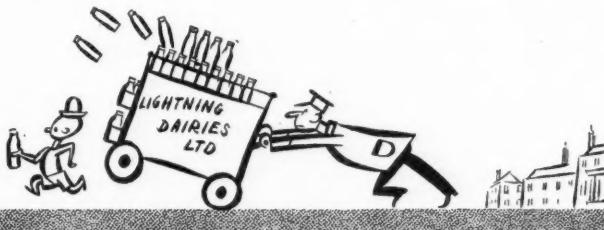
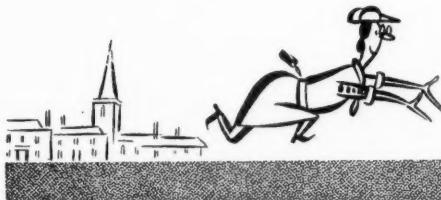
A New York actress has married a connoisseur of precious stones. It remains to be seen whether she will trust him with her lapidary dog.



Mr. Charles Boyer was recently in this country for forty-eight hours but would see no visitors. Not even a queue of radio performers anxious to check up on their imitations of him.

"The Lord Mayor has not yet decided what to do with the portrait. It will hang in the Lord Mayor's Parlour until he does." "Nottingham Evening Post."
Now is that optimism or pessimism?

A woman rescued a small boy who was nearly run over by a milk-cart. Fortunately, as an old Brownie, she had her knife with the gadget for extracting boy scouts from horses' hooves.



Dialect Again

IT would be hard to say why I have chosen this week of this month to recall the old Herefordshire love-ditty which was sung (or rather keened) to me in a Leominster tavern about ten years ago. It may be because of my increasing fear that all boundaries are going, that all speech is being standardized, and all too soon the language of our forefathers will be forgotten. Already some of the words are obscure to those unfamiliar with the county, and I have therefore supplied a few notes (I hope not fewer than are necessary) to assist the reader.

SONG

No more about the oddmark¹
Nor down the pant² we'll rove,
She was a caddling³ giglet⁴
The girl I used to love:
When lads are all a-lommaking⁵
In tallard⁶ low I lie,
The wont⁷ beneath the wonty-tump⁸
Be happier nor I.

The queest⁹ is in the elmen,¹⁰
The bud-bird¹¹ sings his song,

¹ The portion of the arable land of a farm which in customary cultivation is applied to a particular crop.

² A hollow declivity on the side of a hill. ³ False, insincere.

⁴ A giddy girl, a flirt, a tom-boy. ⁵ Love-making.

⁶ A space over a cowshed from which it is usually divided by a rough flooring made of branches.

⁷ Mole. ⁸ Mole-hill. ⁹ Wood-pigeon. ¹⁰ Elm trees. ¹¹ Bull-finches.

Beside the auilen¹² coppice
I linger here along.
The taplash¹³ and tantadlins¹⁴
They have no taste for me,
The girl on whom I doited
A mosy¹⁵ bunt¹⁶ she be.

Oh, Moggy, of all wenchen
That was anneust¹⁷ my heart
When I were boodging¹⁸ bushes,
How lungerous¹⁹ thou art!
Daylong amid the daddocks²⁰
I munjer²¹ here and sob,
Till like I am by mirkshut²²
To drown me in the quob.²³

For the exact meaning of some of the expressions used I am indebted to an old glossary published in 1839, and it would appear that none of them had by that date passed out of common use. But it is impossible, of course, to realize the full pathos of the poem unless the local pronunciation is employed. Happily the B.B.C. has promised to give a rendering of the lines in its Third Programme on September 31st.

EVOE.

¹² Alders.

¹³ Small beer.

¹⁴ Apple dumplings.

¹⁵ Mouldy, soft, used of a rotten vegetable.

¹⁶ A parasitic fungus.

¹⁷ Almost, near to.

¹⁸ Stuffing them into a hedge.

¹⁹ Quarrelsome, spiteful, or mischievous.

²⁰ Pieces of dead wood. ²¹ To mutter, to speak inarticulately.

²² The end of the evening, the twilight.

²³ A quicksand, a shaking bog.

○ ○

Post Office Complaint

To the Postmaster, Chesterlee General Post Office.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose that only one person in a thousand takes the trouble to write to you about the service given at the post office counter. But if the nine hundred and ninety-nine are prepared to put up with it, then I for one have a duty to perform in the public interest, and I intend to register a complaint. Not of course that I expect anything to come of it because the people behind the counter are just cogs in a vast machine which once started cannot stop, and after stopping won't start. If you were a public-house with competition you would soon be shut.

Half your trouble is the crowd of people passing in and passing out, and not getting what they want. How can you expect poor old ladies to guess that "Money Orders" will pay pensions when "Pensions" has gone for a cup of tea? Is it really necessary to make a fine distinction between Stamps, a Postal Order and a Draft?

Being on the business side of the

counter I suppose a queue to you is just one face on the grille. It is a different tale at the other end (with a dinner to cook) only to be told when you do get there, through the wire, that a postal order is all right, and a postal order with a stamp on it is all right but a dozen two-penny-halfpennies as well is a horse of a different colour. There they are, but you can't have them. No; you must queue again, and more likely than not find yourself behind an office-boy who wants enough stamps for the export drive.

Then again, have you ever tried to get your own money out of the Savings Bank? You line up for a form; when you get the form they take your book so that you can't remember your number. Then you have to pass away to fill in the form, post office pens being a household word. After this, either you queue again or else push in with many black looks and sometimes nasty remarks. And as a British citizen I consider that to show an identity card to get back thirty bob is as near Russia as anything I have met this side of the

Iron Curtain, which you only find in post offices and the Food Office.

Another thing I might mention is sticking stamps on parcels. Only last week I suggested, quite nicely, that the girl should stick it on herself. She said she was not allowed to (probably on account of risk of poisoning) so the customers have to stick same on themselves. This is quite unnecessary. We are already tied up with too much red tape.

You will understand that there is nothing personal in this complaint. But I have my duties as a public-spirited person, and I hope you will attend to yours.

Yours faithfully,
Mrs. GWEN SUMPWORTHY.

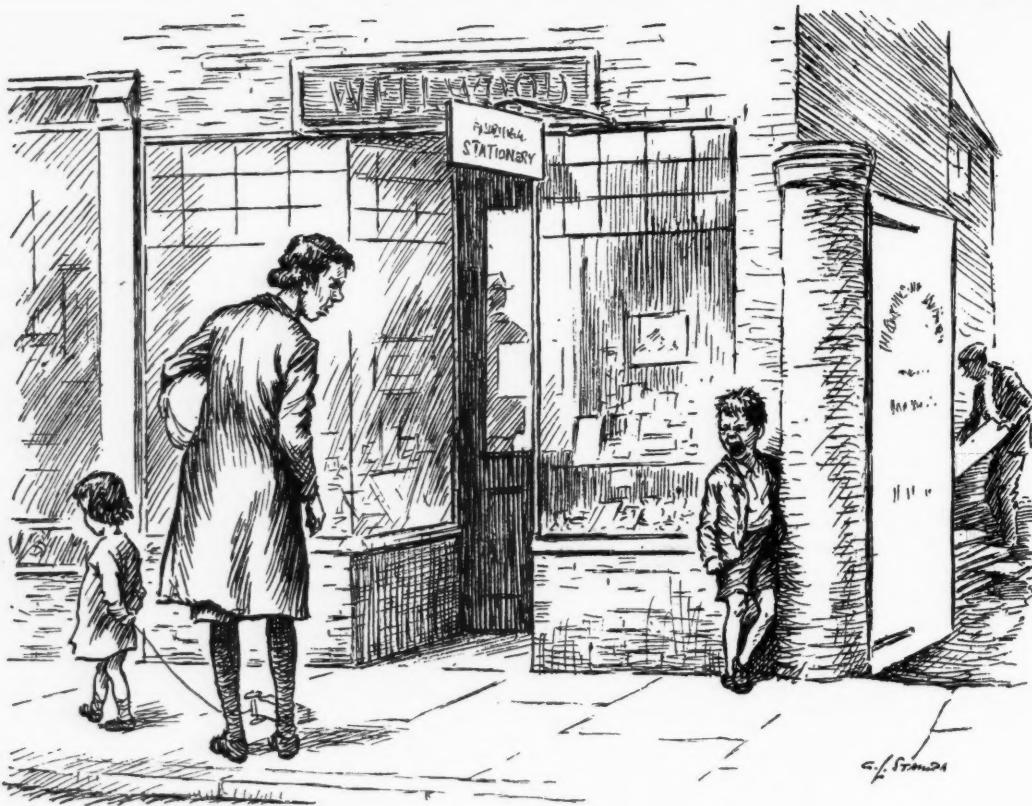
○ ○

A BALD-HEADED lady of Foggia,
Fell madly in love with her loggia,
But he just couldn't bear
Her absence of hair,
So he went for a soggia to doggia.



GRETCHEN AND THE BEAST

"I sometimes think he doesn't want to be turned into a handsome young prince."



"If you don't stop yer 'ollerin', young 'Erbert, yer'll 'ave the B.B.C. van come and record yer."

No Man's Mountain

THERE was a man came out of Wester Ross
With a strange story of a sunlit hill
Somewhere beyond the peaks of Applecross
That stood not still
But, as the mountaineer towards it pressed,
Walked off into the west.

Men heard his tale and held it for a lie.
He said he *saw* it. They decried him. Some
Insisted he had seen a glimpse of Skye
Or maybe Rum.
I spoke no word nor even wanted to;
I knew the thing was true.

For once upon a blowy afternoon,
Looking from Bidean in the black Glencoe,
I saw that mountain shining like the moon;
I saw it glow
Like some rich jewel in a granite bed.
"I'll climb that hill," I said.

I climbed it not. I trod long weary miles
Northward and west. I saw it now and then—
Over away behind the Summer Isles
Or Foinaven

Or up Loch Hourn or standing in my path
Down Carron's comely strath;

And always it was gold and clear and bright;
Though rain came roaring out of bleak Argyll,
Sun dwelt upon it; always there was light.

And for a while
I thought I neared it; to my discontent
Away, away it went.

I think perhaps it was a fairy hill
(An old man told me so at Achnasheen
And I could half believe him) and at will
Was hid or seen.

I do not care; on this my heart is set—
I'll stand upon it yet.

* * * * *
This is a fable, friends. Be not downhearted
When toiling up some formidable Ben

To see the summit far as when you started.

Yours is no fairy mountain. Up again!
Press on, stout hearts, press on.
You'll do it. 'Twill be worth it when 'tis done. H. B.

The Passing of Angus McSumph

PLUGHING the placid waters of the Indian Ocean one day was the reasonably well-found screw steamship *Porpentine*, homeward bound from Port Pirie with a cargo of peanuts, paw-paws and (by a happy coincidence) pickled pork.

The sea was a mill-pond; the crew, disposed in varying attitudes of repose about the deck, were endeavouring to insert full-rigged ships into empty bottles; and the captain from his deck-chair on the bridge surveyed them with an indulgent eye.

Suddenly the calm was shattered by a rending crash from the engine-room. The ship stopped dead, a jet of thick black oil spurted from the bridge speaking-tube, the anchor began to raise and lower itself with frightful rapidity, and sixteen feet of the funnel fell heavily on to the deck.

McSumph, the chief engineer, was in his cabin at the time, enjoying a bowl of cold porridge. Cautiously opening the door, he saw the second engineer hastening along the alleyway.

"Are ye seekin' me, McLosh?" said the chief.

"Aye, chief. I thought ye wad like tae know the deferential valve-coupling's got entangled wi' the Mitchell reduction-gear."

"Aweel, McLosh," said the chief, drily, "ye'd better disentangle it."

"Aye, chief," said the second gloomily. "Could ye gie me ony indication o' how ye wad like me tae set about it?"

"Na, na, McLosh. I dinna believe in interferin' wi' ma juniors: it destroys their ineteiative. Tak' McWhisht and McHavers—ye'll find them under the table in the saloon—and dinna waste ony time. Time's money tae the owners, McLosh. Forbye," he added, "I hae twa grape-fruit in ma bunk that'll no' keep mair than sax months."

As the second departed morosely in the direction of the saloon and McSumph retired to his cabin, a clean-cut young man in a faultlessly fitting uniform emerged from an adjacent doorway. It was the fifth engineer, Godfrey Fitzherbert. Crossing briskly to the chief's cabin, he knocked on the door and entered.

"Good morning, sir," said Fitzherbert.

"And whit can I dae for ye, ma bonny man?" said McSumph offensively.

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation with McLosh, sir—"

"Aye, your lugs are lang eneuch,"

interjected McSumph with gratuitous rudeness.

"—and I thought, sir, I might perhaps be of some assistance."

"And whit dae ye ken aboot the intricacies o' a ship's engines, ye scunner-faced Sassenach?" inquired the chief, his accent becoming broader as his anger mounted.

"Well, sir, I have a diploma, and—I beg your pardon, sir?"

"The Gaelic," said McSumph, "for 'diploma.'"

The boy flushed angrily and, drawing himself up to his full height, replied: "I will not remain here, Mr. McSumph, to be laughed at. I shall proceed to the engine-room and endeavour to repair the damage brought about by the ignorant rule-of-thumb methods of McLosh, McWhisht and McHavers. I lay no blame on you, for your sole visit to the engine-room this voyage has been to ask the third engineer for the loan of a haggis. Good day, sir."

* * * * *

Twenty-four hours later there was a knock at the door of the captain's cabin, where he and the chief engineer were seated at a table. There entered Godfrey Fitzherbert.

"Ah, come in, Mr. Fitzherbert," said the captain. "The chief and I were just discussing this unlucky business in the engine-room," he went on, pushing the pack of Happy Families under the table-cloth. "Perhaps you could offer some helpful suggestions."

"I have effected the necessary repairs, sir," said Fitzherbert quietly, "and the ship is once more underway."

"Why, bless my soul, so she is," said the captain, looking out of the porthole. "I confess the resumption of our motion had escaped my notice. If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I will go upstairs and make sure we are pointing the right way. Well, done, Fitzherbert—well done indeed!"

WE have heard with great regret of the death on August 7th, after a long illness, of Mr. Cyril G. Taylor, who had for many years been an occasional contributor to *Punch*. His last work in our pages appeared at the end of 1946—some characteristic verses under his familiar, often-used title "The Poet Under Orders."

As the captain left the room McSumph rose from his seat and spoke with assumed heartiness. "Mr. Fitzherbert," he said, "I confess I misjudged ye, man. Ye've the makings o' a gread engineer."

"Mr. McSumph," said Fitzherbert coldly, "I fear I regard your praise as little as I heeded your censure. McSumph," he went on, fixing the other with a steely gaze, "you are an impostor!"

The chief cowered. "Dinna be ower hard on me, Fitzherbert. I may be a wheen rusty in ma technical knowledge, but—"

"I am not referring to your professional shortcomings, McSumph; though it is admittedly hard to understand how any qualified engineer could have failed to realize that all that was necessary was to unscrew the Crompton Lamancha swivel-piece and file down the crossheads to slide freely in the supplementary scuppers. No, McSumph, the fraud goes deeper than that. When I helped to carry you to your bunk last night your diary fell from your hip-pocket; I retrieved it and read it from cover to cover before I realized that the contents were private. McSumph," said Godfrey Fitzherbert, sternly, "you are an Englishman!"

The chief engineer buried his head in his hands.

"Your true name," went on Fitzherbert relentlessly, "is Percy Algernon—"

"Gentlemen," said the captain, reappearing in the doorway, "we are in sight of a picturesque harbour, which I have some reason for supposing to be that of Cape Town. With your permission, I propose to put into that port to replenish our stock of provisions. Do we require any coal, chief?"

"Captain," said the chief engineer, "ye maun address that inquiry tae ma successor, Mr. Fitzherbert here. After his superrb exhibeetion o' engineerin' skill, I couldna presume tae ask him tae serve under me. Forbye," he went on, with a look of anguished entreaty at Fitzherbert, "I've aye had a notion tae try ma hand at growin' oranges. Ye maun sign me aff at Cape Town, captain, for the ocean shall see McSumph nae mair."

* * * * *

On a fruit farm near the little town of Dirligroot Wildebeeste, in Cape Province, lives a retired ship's engineer by the name of Hendrik van Tromp. His oranges are famous for miles around.

G. D. R. D.

At the Pictures

Killer McCoy—Le Silence Est d'Or—Ride the Pink Horse

EITHER (I had written, before looking it up)—either *Killer McCoy* (Director: ROY ROWLAND) is a new version of *The Crowd Roars*, which Robert Taylor was in all those years

played. Apart from this it is often exciting, as a well-handled story full of fights would be. The point of the piece is summed up in the first few minutes, when the hero, playing pool with the other boys, defeats a confident stranger: "I like," says one of his companions—"I like watching Tommy do it to guys who think they can do it to him." There you have the inevitably money-making theme: a series of contests in which Tommy does it to guys who think they can do it to him. Establish sympathy with Tommy, and the picture can't miss, for thousands will enjoy watching him do it. Mr. ROONEY is good in an unexpected way, JAMES DUNN (drunken father) and BRIAN DONLEVY (smooth gambler) have type-parts familiar to them, and there is some excellent comic detail in (e.g.) a scene involving a lunch-counter waitress and another in which a crook complains about his digestion.

ago, or it is a calculated rehash of the same ingredients; I simply can't remember *The Crowd Roars* in enough detail to be sure. But now I have looked it up, and I find from what I wrote about *The Crowd Roars* very nearly ten years ago that this is indeed a version of the same story; there on the pre-war page are the same fictional names, which I used often in those days (as if it mattered) to quote. What rang the bell, I think, was recognizing the same situation constructed of different details. In the old picture the beautiful daughter of the big-shot gambler burst into the training-camp to discover the boxer-hero (Mr. Taylor) in the bath reading *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; in the new picture the boxer-hero is MICKEY ROONEY and the girl discovers him at the piano playing Chopin. It seems to me that a sociological study could be written apropos of these changes. . . . The public aimed at is younger and has heard more of Chopin than of Gibbon, is that the idea? But the story remains box-office; *Killer McCoy* is highly efficient entertainment of its kind—full of sentimentality and rhetoric (the apologia of a prize-fighter as delivered by Mr. ROONEY, with curt sternness and just enough subtlety not to offend the people it really criticizes, is an interesting passage), but also remarkably amusing in detail and well



THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE
Killer McCoy MICKEY ROONEY

remarkable unless you count the appearance of MAURICE CHEVALIER as an unwontedly solid character of middle age. He is a film director of 1906, and the picture's happiest moments show the oddities of film-making in that remote period. For the rest, we have young love, and those old Clair standbys PAUL OLIVIER and RAYMOND CORDY, and the usual carefully-made opportunities to use silent-film technique; the whole thing skillfully fantasized, and given a 1906 sort of look by what is now called deep-focus photography (in 1906 they hadn't anything else). All highly enjoyable, but it doesn't add up to another classic.

Ride the Pink Horse (Director: ROBERT MONTGOMERY) is a third example of good entertainment, marred only (I think) by needless dwelling on violence for its own sake. ROBERT MONTGOMERY is very good indeed in the principal part ("hero" is not the word): an ill-mannered tough engaged in the dangerous job of blackmailing a crook who is understood to have killed a friend of his. The scene is New Mexico, and the camera makes the most of it; the dialogue is imitation Hemingway, often very amusing. Plenty of excitement, and much good acting—I liked ART SMITH's pawky elderly G-man.

R. M.



(*Le Silence Est D'Or*)
ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER.
Emile Clairmont MAURICE CHEVALIER
Jacques FRANÇOIS PERIER

Grammatical Notes from Paris

"I AM fleeing from Copenhagen," the lady said, "by the airboat."

We considered this carefully. Since my admission into the inner circle at Mme. Boulot's, M. Albert and his friends have evinced a steadily growing interest in the English language, and I thought it unlikely that a remark like the above would pass unchallenged by my pupils.

M. Albert did not fail me.

"You have flown, madame," he corrected her politely, "with the airship?"

The lady stiffened. It was intolerable that a Frenchman should presume to improve on the English of the near North.

"I am fleeing," she said firmly, "from Copenhagen till London by the air-boat."

M. Albert looked worried, and addressed me in his own tongue.

"I ask myself," he said anxiously, "if the dame has reason."

This oblique approach caused me some embarrassment. I could not with integrity agree with both parties: I could not wound a charming bird of passage; and to offend the staunch ally that M. Albert has shown himself to be, in joint conflict with Mme. Boulot, would be unthinkable.

Fortunately, M. Jean-Jacques came to my rescue.

"The thing is perfectly clear," he said confidently. "The lady wishes to say 'I am flowing to London.'"

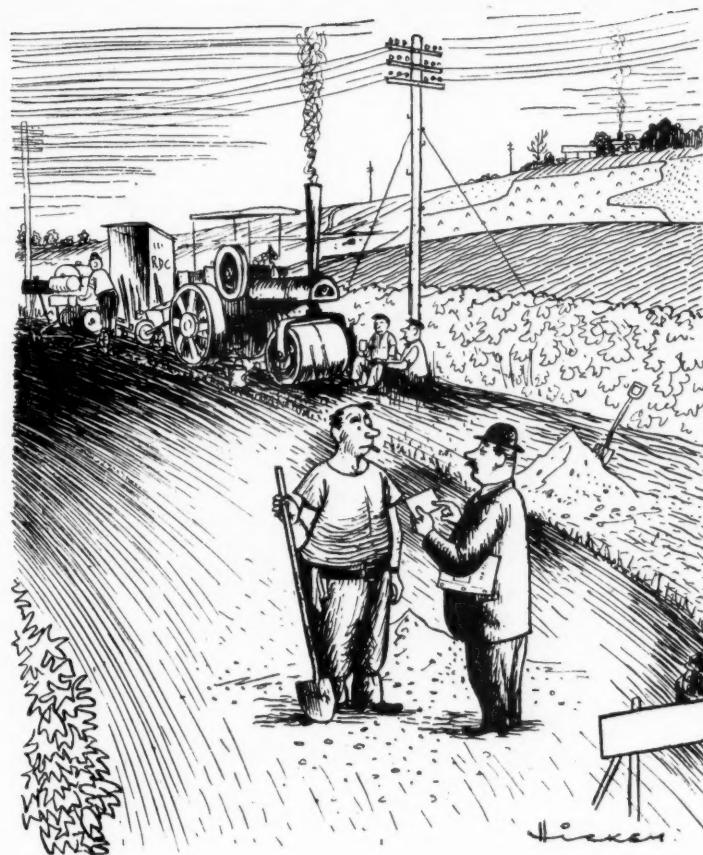
"I think, perhaps," I began cautiously, "that—"

"My friend," interposed M. Jules, "do not give yourself the pain of taking part in a conversation which without doubt causes you acute discomfort. Happily, I am capable of furnishing the just word." He swept the assembly with a commanding glance. "I have flowed to London," he said firmly, and with a graceful bow to the lady from Scandinavia he retired to the bar.

Mme. Boulot announced her entry into the arena by her customary method of knocking over a wineglass kept handy for the purpose. (I need hardly say that it is empty and unbreakable.)

"It is not of the least significance," she said with dreadful calm, "that I found myself for many years in Edimbourg."

We shifted uneasily in our seats. This form of preamble was only too familiar.



"According to the Industrial Psychiatrist's report, you're better fitted temperamentally to swing a pick than to wield a shovel."

"One could not expect," went on Mme. Boulot mercilessly, "that one who for so long preserved the narrowest relations with those whose English was of the most impeccable—"

"In Scotland," cut in M. Albert innocently, "one speaks then English?"

Mme. Boulot affected not to hear. "—might have acquired some slight knowledge of that tongue."

She turned royally on MM. Albert, Jean-Jacques and Jules.

"I am overflowing," she said with massive dignity.

The situation, especially now that Mme. Boulot had made an official pronouncement, called for the most delicate handling—but happily I had been there before.

"The English grammar," I began evenly, "is fraught with pitfalls, even for those of the highest intelligence."

This would do for a start, I thought. There was an approving silence as I planned my next sentence.

The lady rose, and in her eyes was the fierce light of her conquering ancestors.

"I must flee," she said, "till London."

She swepted out.

• •

Science is Wonderful

IT must amuse a mathematician
Taking up his position
On the sort of weighing-machine
We've all seen
To reflect that its internal stress

Is $t = \sqrt{\frac{2(P+Q)(l^2+a^2) + Gy^2}{g(2P+Q)a+Gs}}$
J. B. B.



"Is it okay just to put 'Ditto' under 'Never Again' in the Remarks Column . . .?"

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre is devoted to the Sense of the Past. It might be thought that, as one who prides himself on being somewhere out beyond the vanguard of scientific progress, I should shrug the past away as effete, as a laughable time when people thought that atoms were as fixed and unchangeable as Consols. Nothing could be farther from the truth; often, when dizzy from reconciling some new theory with such experimental results as may be obtained from the apparatus I can afford, I have drawn spiritual refreshment and renewed tzing from letting my mind rove backwards through the years, or, in sentimental mood, thru' them.

My laboratory is cunningly provided with stimuli to such wool-gathering, with its brightly burnished array of quaint and improving objects on shelves. Here is a brass alembic, bought from a tea-shop in Broadway, there an astrolabe converted with considerable difficulty into a whatnot. B. Smith, at his end of the room, uses for an ashtray a stone crucible inscribed "As supplied to John Dee." Another effective dodge for getting one foot into the past is wearing fancy-dress. In my safe-deposit I keep an old trunk filled with time-soaked costumes, and sometimes, when the excessive modernity of my studies is getting me down, I wear an early cycling costume or the complete outfit of a Bow Street runner, and then I am soothed and at ease and my hands flicker about the apparatus in a way that B. Smith reckons deft.

The tendency to escape from the present into a romantic

dream of some remote period is a good tendency, and has produced much art, literature and even politics. Those who condemn it are spoil-sport puritans and should be had no truck with. This bold pronouncement brings me ineluctably to the Tower of London, which provides sensations suitable for one and all. According to your temperament, you can identify yourself with the man who works the rack or with his victim, with the prisoner or the warder; for the zoologically-minded there is the thrill of remembering that there was once a zoo there, and for the emancipated the name of the Bloody Tower provides many an opportunity for vigorous speech. Standing with half-shut eyes on the site of the moat and surrounded by the respectful silence of my family, I have often succeeded in thinking myself back as far as William the Conqueror and, on one happy afternoon, as far as Boadicea. This was particularly gratifying as she had no connection with the site, so that my imagination was working not only backwards, as it were, but also sideways.

One period which has always attracted me is the twelfth century because of skating (Matilda), serenading (Blondel) and dowries (Eleanor of Aquitaine). All in all it must have been a gay and varied time and it so fascinates me that I even once bought a book on it called *Angevin Toast: A Study in the Development of Seigniorial Jurisdictions in the Later Twelfth Century*. For a time I changed the name of my house to The Anarchy, thus providing a constant reminder of the reign of Stephen, but ignorant neighbours confused us with Nihilists and for the sake of peace and prestige I changed it back. In the twelfth century there were still wolves in England, so that writers of nature notes must have had some of the scope now enjoyed only by newshawks.

One cannot do much musing on the past without coming up against the importance of dates. Our own year, 1948, though euphonious enough, is not very inspiring, being singularly resistant to the kind of manipulation which shows that the sum of the digits is a lucky number, or that alternate digits add up to the same. Just to show what I am capable of, however, look at 1661—pairs and alternates adding up to seven and that being a lucky number if there ever was one. Another thing that makes 1661 winsome to me is that it was the year Boyle passed his Law of Compressibility, and never, in any experiment I have done, have I known this Law let me down: it seems far more watertight than the Larceny Act. To some 1661 is praiseworthy for the Parliamentary Regulation of the Silk Trade, but to me, with my background of plain clothing and high thinking, this seems a rather frivolous anniversary. There have been several '48's in history and a short survey of these will put 1948 in its place and show how far it measures up to its predecessors. 1848 produced Mill's "Principles of Political Economy" and the "Communist Manifesto"—something for all tastes, one might say; and this comment might well be used for 1748 also, when we find Clarissa Harlowe and Roderick Random cheek by jowl. In 1648 Cromwell restored the influence of Argyll in Scotland, a real neighbourly act. In 1548 there was an influx of foreign reformers. Opinions may differ on how many reformers make an influx, but there will be general agreement that we should skip the mediaeval dates as being outside the range of Polite Knowledge.

I sometimes wonder if those who yearn for the entrée to some society of the past realize what they might be letting themselves in for. The odds are that Johnson, for example, would have belaboured them mercilessly, that Socrates would have tangled them up, and that the wits of The Mermaid tavern would have picked their pockets and done the three-card trick on them. It is much safer to think

yourself back on to the winning side in a struggle and imagine what it was like to be handed a few knight's fees, a monastery or a pocket borough. The dissatisfied are always in danger of jumping out of the frying-pan on to the gas-ring and should be most cautious and critical about the wishes they try to fulfil. Take warning from the sad case of I. Kamarevsky, who wrote *The Thirty-Nine Steppes* and was known as the Russian John Buchan; yet nothing would satisfy him but to be known as the Russian Henry C. Work, so he wrote a song called "Marching Through Georgia," but it never caught on at all, even in Tiflis.

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Events

TO-DAY my readers are invited to bring their minds to some of the happenings and attainments of their own and other people's lives. They may, if they like, start by trying to remember becoming twenty-one, an event of which the years leave little but some presents which get pointed out as having lasted well, and the memory of any party that went with it, a memory lent an historical flavour by the clothes people wore then. Of the inner significance of being twenty-one, all my readers can say now is that they no doubt broke the news to themselves on waking for several mornings after; because this is how people behave when anything momentous happens, as, for example, when they have their hair cut. I am referring to the people whose hair cuts right off. This is a tremendous event in life, making old clothes new and producing about the ears the effect of being someone else even to strangers.

Now let us go back even farther than twenty-first birthdays and consider some of life's early milestones. My readers will remember that there were quite a number of occasions when they qualified to reach self-esteem's bursting-point. Some of them may have won a little badge for reading *Lycidas* aloud slowly and keenly, something in enamel on sterling silver and tending years after to be dug out of a box devoted to memory's scrap-metal and to be shown to people who aren't looking. I need hardly mention the things you can win for being good at games—the gay clothes and haberdashery, the gold print on wooden shields, in later life the huge egg-cups going brown round the handles. These, and the examinations whose results reach print—a characteristic print dented almost through the paper—are events which never quite lose their glow. I am not saying that the glow does not fade; to have got ninety-one per cent. in geography is a fine thing, an achievement which as many people as possible should get to know of if we are to do ourselves proud with modesty, but as the years go by it does rather take its place.

THREE is no event like getting your first job, though statisticians say that getting any other job runs it moderately close. All people setting out for all new jobs are tidy, keen and hoping that they are more efficient than they sometimes think. There is also a special emotion reserved for when they get home at the end of the first day—a mixture of familiarity and strangeness, of the world being the same and different, which I can best describe by asking my readers to imagine themselves going on with some home job they left the night before, say turning out a cupboard, and see what they have now got mixed with the usual turning-out thoughts. As for how they feel when they first get paid—I am assuming, to make sense of what I am about to say, that they are paid at the end of

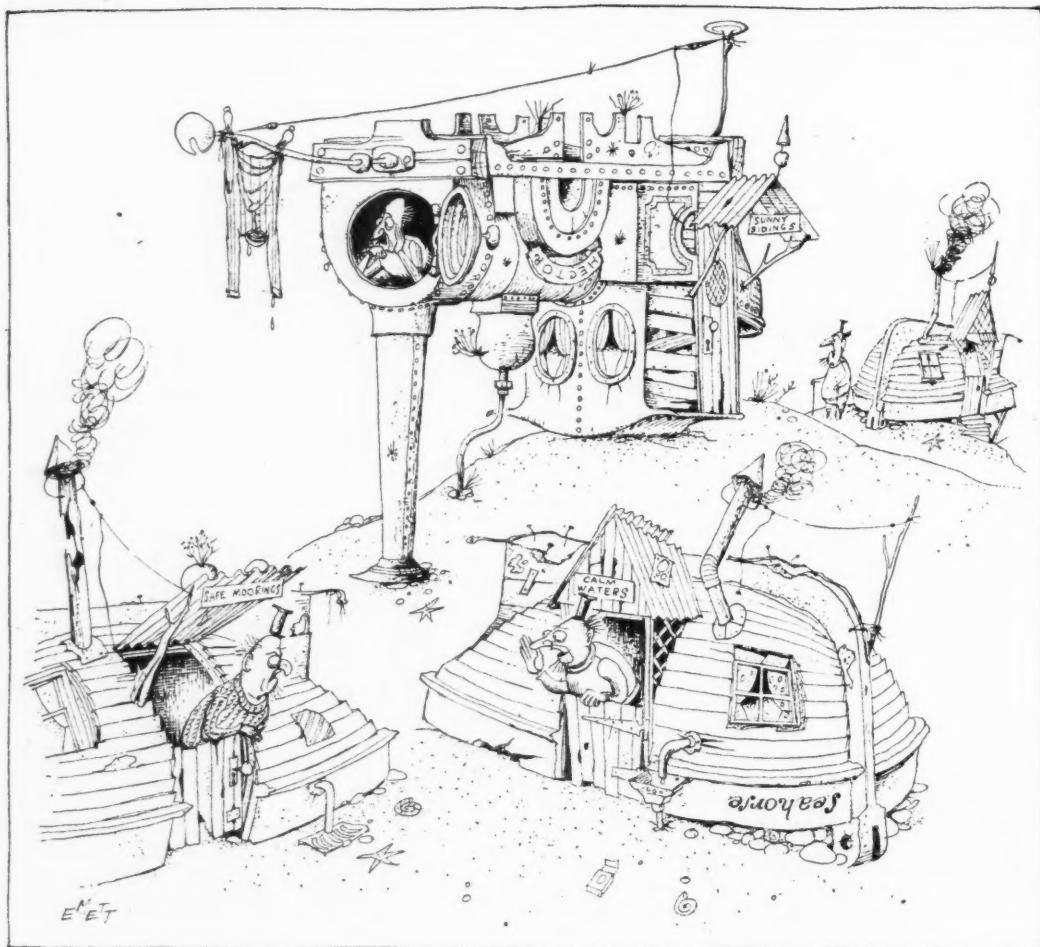
the first week—this is how people would feel anyway when looking into an envelope at money meant for them, with sometimes an artistic overlayer of realizing that they are being very slightly a character in a novel, and that if they buy a book with the profits it had better, for the sake of future reminiscence, be a good one. As this is already rather a financial paragraph I might put a word in about the event known as getting a rise in salary. Psychologists tell us that people to whom this happens feel suddenly infinitely rich, but that nowadays they do not need to spend any more to feel that they are behaving accordingly. There is one more event I must get in here because it, too, concerns money—a homecoming from abroad, which is the only time the English see pennies for the dinner-plates they are.

ITHINK that I shall devote the next paragraph—I mean this paragraph, only it was the next a moment ago—to some of those individual achievements that may be looked back on; getting some writing into print, or exhibiting a painting, or acting an important part in a play, or composing something, or being made a chairman of something, or winning a prize for pigs and other highly-cultivated animals. I suppose that, of all these, getting into print is collectively my readers' most likely attainment. Quite a few will have had a piece in the paper and done a bit of quiet gloating, and will perhaps have found that if they really want to know how it reads they have only to put it away for a few years, when it will come out, as far as it can, like something written by someone else. Winning prizes for pigs and such is, like being made a chairman, a specialized activity; so is acting a big part in a play, but the feelings that attend this feat are very well known because of all the films about the putting-on of revues, where actors suffer more from nerves than the audience thinks they need, considering their surrounding film experience. Perhaps composing is the most specialized activity of all. Psychologists say that composing stands at the top of the list of the things some people know they couldn't do if they tried, there being so much more to it than perseverance and knowing which way the notes face.

ANDE.



"Look, Miss Jones! *Ranunculus bulbosus*, the little children's dower—far brighter than the gaudy *Cucumis Melo*!"



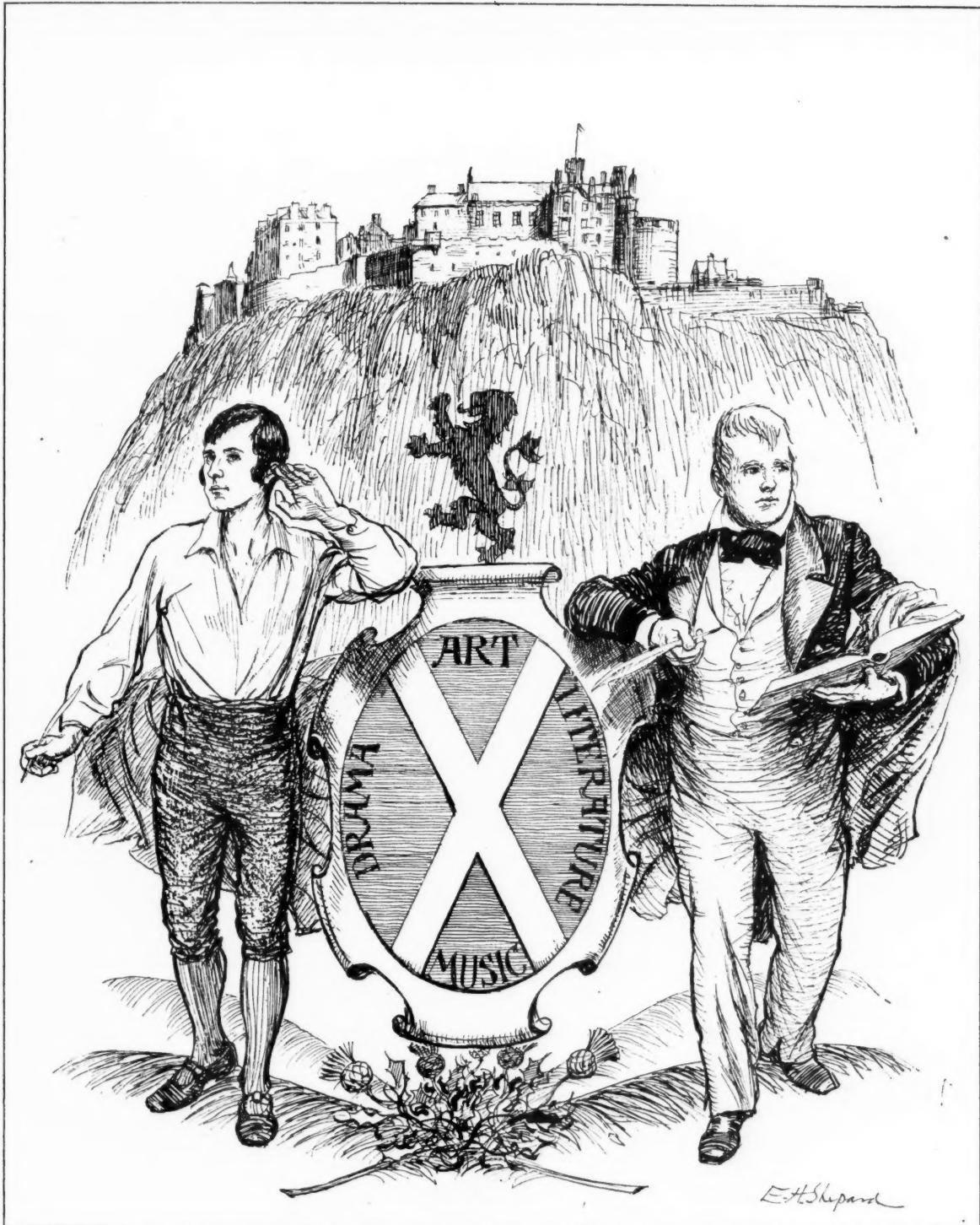
"Anyhow, we compelled him to observe the basic architectural rule of the district."

The Tiddler Special

THE tram that takes me home to
lunch
Goes clanking through a belt of slums
To pass a trim suburban park
That boasts a lake; when summer comes
And school breaks up, out from the
dark
Alleys and courts there bursts a stream
Of little tousled shouting boys,
Clutching at jars and fishing-nets,
Hot ha'pennies and the golden dream
Of tiddlers by the silver score.
They board my tram, a squealing bunch
Of clamant and vociferous joys,

All elbows and unruly boots,
They swarm by dozens up the stair,
Out from the top-deck window shoots
A fringe of craning heads; the air
Streams with their cries for half a mile—
A starling-song, a treble roar;
Their trampled fellow-travellers smile
And bear with them contentedly,
The sober vehicle forgets
Its workaday identity,
And carrying this happy freight
Of young-eyed cherubins in quire
Becomes the street-car named Desire
And sets them down at heaven's gate.

Punch, August 18 1948



MAGNETIC NORTH

(With Mr. Punch's salutations to the coming Edinburgh Festival)



"No, madam, the Round Table was abolished last month—we're the National Distressed Female Protection Board now."

Le Rêve de M. Delbos

I DO not think I have ever seen a happier man than M. Delbos, when he arrived with his rucsac, his pince-nez and his unpretentious smile. For, travelling on this first stage of his journey by bus lest the long grind through the outskirts of Rouen should tarnish his dream, he was about to begin his walking-tour.

One felt that big events were in the air from the way this shy and winning little man ordered himself a small glass of cider in the bar before dinner. It was a ritual drink, about which he had clearly been thinking for a very long time. It was the first drink of the walking-tour. M. Delbos drank it reverently, crossing his thin, pale legs in their ill-fitting shorts and dwelling with the utmost satisfaction on his enormous hobnailed boots.

"Are you going far?" we asked.

"Two hundred and forty-three kilometres," he replied, without a second's hesitation. "Bayeux will be the turning-point. It is not perhaps a great distance to accomplish in seven days, but there should be a sufficient change of scenery on each lap."

We whistled. There wasn't much of the unspeakable horror of walking-tours we hadn't plumbed.

"It seems a stiff schedule," I said, doing a sum on the back of the "Liberté de Normandie." "Why, it's nearly twenty-two miles a day!"

"That should be reeled off without difficulty in some six to seven hours," he assured us, almost in quotation-marks, "leaving the rest of the day free for recreation."

"How heavy is your rucsac?"

"It contains no more than the essentials."

"That distance would kill me."

M. Delbos assessed me gravely through pince-nez wagging recklessly near the end of his long pink nose.

"It may be," he suggested politely, "that you are not altogether at the very peak of training?"

"It may well be," I admitted.

"I myself," he informed us with all modesty, "have taken certain precautions over a longish period. Exercises and"—he coloured slightly—"that kind of thing."

I persuaded him to have another

drink. With remarkable dispatch it unlocked his simple heart. M. Delbos was a bank-clerk, living, until her death the previous winter, with an invalid mother in an attic flat in Rouen. The glory of a walking-tour had captured his imagination while he was still quite young, but it had been impossible to leave her, he explained quietly, for more than a few hours. He had therefore spent the years fondly assembling a superb equipment. Finally, and the hole it had made in his tiny salary must have been severe, he had bought his rucsac.

"It is a very beautiful rucsac," he said, speaking as a mother might of her first child. "Would you care to see it?"

It was indeed a magnificent rucsac, if a stout mule had been by to carry it.

"This bar, you see," M. Delbos pointed, "is scientifically designed to keep the weight from the back. The balance is exquisite."

There and then, on the counter, he unpacked the rucsac and displayed its marvels. Spare boots, of an immense solidity, had a pocket to themselves. Well-thumbed books by famous

voyagers filled another. And in the contents of the sack itself no possible contingency of fire, flood or famine had not been affectionately foreseen . . .

Next day was wet. M. Delbos, justly proud of a macintosh which had been triple-proofed, was eager to set off. But with the help of M. Tarragon he was persuaded to delay. He spent a restless day, coming down to meals flushed from a violent tramping up and down his room. Fortunately the weather by the Seine clears quickly. In the morning the sun blazed in a cloudless sky, and soon after breakfast M. Delbos, his eyes glittering feverishly as he warmly shook our hands, strode gallantly across the square. Marco Polo, Raleigh, Columbus, none of the boys whom you could mention ever got a bigger thrill, I am convinced, than M. Delbos as he rounded the corner by Madame Guesclin's paper-shop.

A great sadness seized us, for we had all grown immeasurably fond of M. Delbos.

"He will die before he reaches Trancheville," murmured M. Tarragon. But he was wrong. Not only did M. Delbos arrive there, by an expenditure of courage it was hard to estimate, but he managed to walk back. He tottered into the bar about six, the colour of chalk.

"It appears," he whispered, before falling in a dead faint across our table, "that my preliminary training must have lacked thoroughness in some respects. I decided to return to base."

M. Delbos was put to bed, where he remained for two days. The first he lay as if stunned, but on the second hope began to flicker.

"I fear Bayeux is now out of the question," he admitted, "but with shorter marches I shall still cover a little ground."

He had only three days left of his holiday. In the morning he struggled down, but he was still so tired that without difficulty he was coaxed into a

long chair on the terrace. The next morning it was the same, and a small group of conspirators hastily organized by M. Tarragon took turns to buoy his spirits. This was, let there be no doubt of it, a mildly alcoholic period for M. Delbos, who recalled without bitterness many of the great deeds of past explorers.

We all feared greatly that the last day might strike intolerable sadness into M. Delbos, but he proved strangely light of heart. Two brief rambles through the village seemed to afford him the keenest pleasure. He spent the evening with us, listening with close attention to M. Tarragon's wildest vein of reminiscence; and at the end of it, just pleasantly unsteady, he mounted the bus for Rouen.

"Next year," he shouted as it moved off, "my walking-tour. But only after proper preparation. Such things cannot be rushed."

He went away smiling, with his rucksac on his knee.

ERIC.

Efficiency Audit

THERE was a good attendance at the inaugural meeting of the proposed British-American Council of Productivity held in London last week. Mr. Otis Meyerfisch was in the chair.

Sir Wilmot Hogget said that they were gathered together.

Mr. Hiram O'Connor said that the Council should set an example to industry by its own efficiency, but could hardly do that while the ink-pots, notepaper and carafes were so carelessly disposed. They should be arranged in accordance with the latest findings of the Rockefeller Research Center's committee on "Motion Study in the Board Room." Ideas should be readily translated into written notes without any intermediate expenditure or leakage of effort. The entire principle of neotechnic bench-assembly was involved. Mr. O'Connor then read a longish document on the organization of data in subsidiary production-units, with an appendix on "Junior executives and the incentive factor."

Messrs. Madison, Jefferson and Clipperton said that they couldn't agree more.

Sir Leonard Snagg said that it was undoubtedly a fine thing for the two great Western democracies to meet on such equal and friendly terms.

Mr. Cornelius Himmel said that the lighting of the council chamber seemed grossly inefficient. The centrally suspended lamp imposed a certain

eye-strain upon personnel which was imimical to optimum deliberations. Independent lighting-units fitted to each blotter would use less current and eliminate S.D., or "Shadow Distortion." He knew of cases where the installation of the improved neotechnic, high-definition lighting had abolished absenteeism overnight. He knew of one case where it had corrected a dangerous list caused by mining subsidence. Mr. Himmel then tried to read an account of experiments with personalized self-illuminating ball-point pens in Ohio.

Sir Hervey Findlater coughed and said that they were assembled in a good cause.

Mr. Jackson T. Unterschift said that the room was virtually uninhabitable by reason of its excessive humidity and subnormal temperature. He estimated that the inefficient coal fire had already wasted enough power to drive a battery of eighteen dictaphones for two days. He wanted central heating and Dakota-type dehumidification.

Sir Hugh Somnus said that the eyes of the world were upon them.

Mr. Lewis R. Dreyfus said that the acoustics of the chamber seemed shockingly inefficient. It was an accepted fact that M.T., or "Muffle Trouble," caused A.A., or "Attenuated Agenda." He estimated that "Echo Waste" cost British industry no less than \$20,000,000 annually, excluding damage to office tumblers by high-frequency sound-wave fracture. The

installation of fibre-board insulation in the weaving-sheds of Atomic Woolens, Inc., had proved so successful that operatives could not hear a pin dropped from three feet five inches to a shellac sounding-board under normal pressure conditions. He suggested that the roof be lowered by six feet and sprayed with synthetic pig-skin.

Lord Croon said that he considered the meeting a happy augury.

Mr. Lowey Dunglass said that the water in the carafes was lukewarm and brackish. In Toledo, the installation of ozonized, ice-cold drinking-fountains had improved production per man-hour by .037 per cent. in five minutes.

Sir Withers Peplow said that this was indeed a large and representative gathering.

Mr. Isaac Rostrov said that council chambers should be cheerful, colourful and informal in atmosphere. He felt that the clothing worn by the British members of the Council was dull, depressing and defeatist. He would point out that a free issue of multi-coloured cravats with a diving-girl motif had reduced the wear and tear of comptometers in the accounts department of Strickland Motors, Inc., by one-eighth in six years. He had with him a nice selection of neckwear which he hoped the British members would . . .

Sir Midas Bolsover winced, said that never before in the course of history, and moved the adjournment. Hop.



"I should just assume they're not coming and go home."

Mayfair

THE movement of commerce into the West End leads young City men into magical regions nowadays. Henry, whose sense of the romantic was strong, plunged hopefully up one of those Piccadilly streets whose names breathe a promise of romance. To-day might be the day for it.

But in the office of East-West and Universal Enterprises (J. Wibb, Sole British Representative) the promise withered. The room was empty, the typewriter covered; and although the corner desk was busily strewn with papers, the objects of Henry's visit were not to be seen. Three tins: marmalade, sliced bacon, beef dripping, Mr. Tuggle had said, briefly touching his mouth-corners with a handkerchief; and Mrs. Tuggle was particularly wanting the dripping.

The mission had seemed simple enough. Annoyed that it had already developed a major complication, Henry stirred the piles of unopened, printed-paper letters on the desk, and tried to make a message of a blotter jotting that seemed to read, "Mrs. Hunter's trout. Big camels."

"Hello," said a rich feminine voice. In the doorway posed a girl wearing a dress with thick lateral stripes, widely spaced like barrel rings, which added unnecessarily to her breadth. After her greeting she tittered.

"Mr. Wibb?" inquired Henry.

She tittered again. "There I go," she said. "But it's such a funny little name. Do you think a sense of humour is a good thing in a girl?"

Was it romance? Henry thought not. The girl dipped slightly on one leg in a kind of corporal simper.

"I'm Miss Cook," she said. "I mean, if I'd been called Wibb I'd have married before this, to change it."

"How do you do," said Henry, trying not to sound too stiff. "I understand that Mr. ——"

"Brought a better afternoon with you, anyway," said the broad girl, with a dip on the other leg which proved to be the beginning of an advance across the room. She came sideways, presenting the narrowest possible target from long practice. "Come out this morning with a brolly and my sister's mac, and now it's sunshine."

Henry, who had been drawing a deep breath, expended it. "I understand," he said, "that there were to have been three tins of food on Mr. Wibb's desk waiting to be picked up. It was arranged on the telephone. For Mr. Tuggle. Could you——?"

But she had started to laugh, pressing a small handkerchief into her mouth. Henry waited for the spasm to pass.

"Strikes me as funny—sorry," she squeaked presently. "Funny name, I mean. Tuggle." She shook heavily and went off into a long, soundless tremor.

"Dear-oh-dear." She sighed, and blinked away a plump tear. "So you're Mr. Tuggle? I heard him on the phone when I come in with the tea. HA-ha! Sorry."

"No," said Henry. He was enduring enough for Mr. Tuggle without drawing his laughs for him. "My name is—" He stopped. No need to go into that. "I think I'd better see Mr. Wibb," he said.

"Point is," said the girl, "he's gone to Scotland."

"Oh."

"So Miss What-is-it said."

"Who is Miss What-is-it?"

"Mr. Wassname's secretary."

"I see. And where is she?"

"Off poorly."

"But surely there's——?"

"There's the little Australian girl, to do the filing."

"Ah," said Henry. "And when will she be here?"

"On the next boat," said the girl. She glanced past him out of the window. "Clouding over again," she said. Henry felt that it was.

"But didn't Mr. Wibb or his secretary leave you any message, about tins?"

"Me a message?" She shook her head.

"Marmalade, sliced bacon, beef dripping?"

She shook her head again. "But they wouldn't. See, I'm sandwich-boxes."

"I don't understand," Henry said bluntly.

"United Sandwich-box, Picnic-kit, office across the landing," she said.

"Oh."

"Just pop in, out of interest."

"I see," said Henry, and took up his hat. "And you haven't seen any tins."

"I didn't say that." She gave him a long, sidelong glance. Then, unexpectedly, "I've . . . seen . . . more . . . tins . . ." On the words she went over to a steel cupboard against the wall, moving with a horizontal, as opposed to the more usual vertical sinuousness, and opened its door. She appeared to be reading.

"Marmalade, sliced bacon . . . sliced bacon, sliced bacon . . . marmalade, soap, soap . . . beans, sliced bacon . . ."

Henry, on tip-toe to see over the crag of her shoulder, saw that the cupboard was full of tins.

"It's parcels, see," she said. "Come from Australia. Ever so generous, Mr. Wassname. Give me some only Tuesday. Beef dripping."

"Where?" said Henry, craning.

"Oh, not here," she said, running a scarlet nail along a shelf of marmalade. "That's what he give me, I mean."

Got it across the landing. It wasn't what I wanted, like, but it didn't seem nice complaining. It's my sweet tooth as wants feeding up with food parcels."

"Look," said Henry, inspired—"you heard Mr. Webb promise three tins for Mr. —?"

The telephone rang and she glided ruggedly across to it.

"Who?" she asked. Then she crammed a hand over the mouthpiece and began to laugh. "It's Tuggle," she squealed weakly. She listened again, biting her lower lip with a full set of top teeth. Then she screamed. "Asking for a Mister—!" She fell into the swivel chair and Henry took the instrument from her.

"Speaking," he said. "I know, sir. I— Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, I'm doing all I— Yes, sir."

The girl was still rocking and snorting as he put the receiver down. He raised his voice.

"If I take two marmalades and a sliced bacon, will you exchange one of the marmalades for one of your beef drippings?"

She took the handkerchief out of her mouth but no words emerged, only, "Ha - ha - ha - ha - ha - hikker - hikker - heeuurrgh!" However, she had enough control to leave the room, dipping on both legs this time and shaking like a pneumatic drill. By the time she came back with the tin Henry had Mr. Tuggle's loot laid out on the desk. The exchange was carried out without a word. Henry tortured his pockets with the tins.

"And don't you laugh at my boss," he blurted out, rather to his own surprise.

She lurched against the desk and howled.

"It wasn't tha-ha-ha-ha-hat. It was . . . when he asked for Mr. Hoo-hoo-ho-ho-how-how-haaaaaaa!"

Doubled up, she was gallantly trying to point at Henry, but he didn't stay to see whether she managed it. He fancied he could still hear her when he emerged, a minute later, into what he had hitherto thought of as the Michael Arlen district. J. B. B.

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The Turners at the Tate

THREE of the Turner galleries at the Tate, which were damaged during the war, have lately been reopened and hung with some of the Gallery's finest Turners, together with a number of others which have been on loan abroad for many years and are therefore unknown to the London public. This assembly is the more remarkable in view of the Tate's loan to Venice of fifty of the artist's most splendid works, and this largely unfamiliar collection—which represents Turner in all his phases—contains not a few surprises. Among these are two little-known figure studies from the National Gallery's collection—"The Letter" and "Woman reclining on a Couch," both painted in about 1830—in which only the heads have been finished, the rather awkward compositions being left mainly unresolved; and a choice loan from Mr. Francis Fairfax Cholmeley—"Fishermen at Sea off the Needles" (exhibited at the Academy in 1795 when Turner was only twenty), whose focal point, a fishing-boat in a moonlit trough of the waves, reveals the artist's early absorption in atmospheric effects.

In the big Gallery 6 have been grouped, so far as possible, Turner's early paintings. Here one discovers his

first exhibited mythological subject, "Æneas with the Sibyl, Lake Avernus," an overt homage to Claude; the low-toned "Buttermere Lake" (1798), with a rainbow set in the stormy sky and the distant pasture momentarily irradiated; the evidently early "Boats in a Stiff Breeze," in which the sails are strikingly contrasted with light and dark patches of sky; and two studies of breaking waves which are purely impressionist, and belong to his middle period.

The later works—those great canvases bathed in golden vapour which inspired Ruskin's unrivalled eloquence—are mostly to be found in the adjoining Gallery 7 and foreshadowed in the sketches in oils which fill the small annexe. "Mercury sent to admonish Æneas," with its wine- and amber-coloured foreground and luminous haze, is one of the most radiant of his last exhibits at the Academy shown in 1850; and nearby hangs another wonderfully atmospheric sketch, much earlier but hardly less imaginative, of Polyphemus sprawling on his rock derided by the departing Ulysses.

The sketches in the annexe (Gallery 8) are valuable not only as evidence of Turner's painstaking preliminary methods—observe the several studies of cattle in "Cows in a Landscape" and the exquisite early note of "Tree Tops"—but valuable also as revealing a source of Constable's inspiration. Who can doubt that the East Anglian painter pored over and gained much from his study of such assured and spontaneous notes as the "Newark Abbey"?

Here then, as I have said, is Turner in all his moods, culminating in that last supreme period when Goethe's craving became his own—the only object worth attaining—*mehr Licht*.

N. A. D. W.



"Yes, I like the Britishers—I like the way they say 'yeah' and 'nope' and 'sure' and 'sez you' and 'get a load of this,' just as they used to way back when Shakespeare was alive."

I WISHED I had brushed up my astrology before seeing *A Man Must Die*, Miss FELICITY DOUGLAS's play at the St. Martin's, which suggests that two men born at the same time (though not in the same part of England) can share each other's experience and become psychically intermingled. A very rough calculation shows that nearly a hundred children are born every hour in Great Britain alone, and it therefore surprises me that such awkward cases of fusion don't crop up daily; but I am bound to say that as Miss DOUGLAS presents it I swallowed the notion without difficulty, at least for the purposes of her story. Just before he is arrested a murderer meets an actor who is about to take the lead in a play about a murderer's trial and execution. Their horoscopes being nearly twin, they recognize some mystic conjunction, and the actor becomes obsessed by the idea that so long as he is in the play and it ends with the gallows the man will hang. As rehearsals go on without change, exactly covering the period of the trial, he grows more and more desperate, falling frequently into the cockney speech of the other; it is a weakness that we never discover whether he is unconsciously reproducing the lines in his part or whether the murderer's voice is supposed to have entered into him. The last two scenes, and certainly the end, are unconvincing, mainly because the basic idea becomes confused; but I found the earlier scenes fairly gripping, in spite of acting which barely carries them. Mr. JOHN BAILEY takes the lead intelligently and contrives the switches of personality with skill, but he is much too quiet. Miss DAPHNE ARTHUR, Miss HILARY LIDDELL and Mr. EDWARD JEWESBURY support him best.

I think the secret of Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS's magic as a comedian is that he looks as if he should be at the head of some enormous commercial corporation, and only in one's dreams does one hope to see such a pundit behaving with the cherubic futility of absolute innocence; that, and the fact that his

At the Play

A Man Must Die (ST. MARTIN'S)—*Sit Down a Minute, Adrian!* (COMEDY)—*Trouble in the House* (CAMBRIDGE)

fooling is so delicate, so domestic, so entirely natural as gradually to numb our sense of normality. Mr. JEVAN BRANDON-TOMAS's *Sit Down a Minute, Adrian!* at the Comedy starts off with a thin act of ineffective family dialogue and then pulls itself together to give Mr. ROBERTS a series of farcical situations which he exploits hand-

beautifully handled by Mr. ROBERTS. Without him it would have been rather a meagre evening, but Miss PHYLLIS DARE as the architect's wife, Mr. JOHN WATSON as his secretary, Miss BETTY BLACKLER as his impish youngest, and Mr. RICHARD CAREY as the eminent ego-scrambler help the nonsense along plausibly.

Parochial gossip from the House of Commons is no doubt great fun for its inmates, but makes poor stuff for a

play. The number of people likely to get much pleasure from eavesdropping on the artless pleasantries of the Lobby must be so small that it is hard to understand where Mr. ANTONY VERNEY expects to find an audience for *Trouble in the House*, at the Cambridge, once Members and their loyal broods have recorded their votes. The central situation, of two young hopefuls of the Right and Left obliged by accident to share a flat at Westminster, is good enough, but either some larger political satire or surer comic trivialities should have emerged. It must be admitted that, though real names abound, the personalities are not offensive, and that on balance the Tories and the Socialists finish up about all square, with some hard words said about both. But the play remains gossip, and undramatic.

A dynamic secretary whom the young men had no idea they shared, houses them together, to her obvious advantage. This admirably party-proof girl

fits with inspiration from side to side of their common sitting-room, now helping Bill with a fiery article for *Tribune* and now *Rex* with a speech to rouse his constituents to still greater loathing of the Left. These are the play's richest moments, and are not unwitty; but, failing to develop them, the author falls back on mechanical farce. Mr. WILLIAM FOX (Con.) and Mr. PATRICK BARR (Lab.), two good actors, put up a gallant show, and Miss NANCY O'NEIL makes a secretary anyone would envy. The rest of the acting is uncertain, except for the manservant Mr. GUS MCNAUGHTON.

ERIC.



[Sit Down a Minute, Adrian!]

FATHER'S CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Dorothy Sparkes	MISS PHYLLIS DARE
Joan Sparkes	MISS BETTY BLACKLER
Mercia Sparkes	MISS ENA KING
Adrian Sparkes	MR. EVELYN ROBERTS
Betty Sparkes	MISS JANE HILARY

somely. A prosperous architect, a gentle bear of a man, has been content that his three daughters should develop in their own way, until a disturbing lecture from his practical wife and the discovery that marriage is in the air determines him to take a hand. He is the kind of guileless fellow who, absorbing little that is said to him, flies off like a well-intentioned rocket, always in the wrong direction. Chaos follows in his path. At one point, despairing of his family, he arranges for a mass psycho-analysis of the whole household, only to find the Harley Street trick-cyclist already his son-in-law. All this, quite ingeniously devised, is

At the Ballet

Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo (COVENT GARDEN)

THE Marquis DE CUEVAS, who has brought his Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo to Covent Garden, is nothing if not eclectic. He founded his company in America. He then went to Monte Carlo, took over the Monte Carlo Ballet, summoned sixty dancers of ten different nationalities (including Japanese and Red Indian) from the ends of the earth and based them, for the sake of elbow-room, on the tripod Monte Carlo-Paris-New York. Having done which he fitted them all with wings (even the scenery travels by air) and constituted himself a Tennysonian pilot of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly ballets throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world. Fears have been expressed that he may cause the Royal Opera House to become airborne and fly off in his train. We are, however, keeping an eye on it.

Perhaps the romantic story of the Marquis and his ballet had raised our hopes too high, but we find his productions a little disappointing. The best we have seen so far is *Concerto Barocco*, a new ballet by BALANCHINE which is danced without scenery to Bach's Concerto for Two Violins. The choreographer aims at representing directly the lines and textures of Bach's counterpoint in visual terms, in a mixture of classical ballet and eurhythmics. The results are very interesting to watch, though the concerto is perhaps not quite as severe as BALANCHINE's conception of it. The only quarrel we have with *Concerto Barocco* is with the jerky, fussy rendering of the serene and glorious lines of melody of Bach's slow movement. The eleven dancers taking part acquitted themselves well in what must be a very exacting ordeal, so intricate is the choreography. ETHERY PAGAVA in particular showed great musical feeling. She is in fact the most musical and expressive dancer in the company.

There are in the repertoire two effective ballets in the classical idiom—*Noir et Blanc*, by SERGE LIFAR to music by LALO, and *Constantia* by the company's maître de ballet WILLIAM DOLLAR, danced to Chopin's early piano concerto in F Minor. *Constantia* resembles *Les Sylphides* in feeling, and is enjoyable to watch. *Sebastian* is a ballet d'action by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI (whose operas *The Medium* and *The Telephone* we saw earlier this year). The music is charming, but the ballet is a choreographic chaos. American



"Tighten your belts everybody, please—we're approaching Great Britain."

ballet companies are generally weak in the art of mime, and this one is no exception. Love is not adequately expressed by dancing with a broad smile, nor hate with a heavy frown. *Sebastian* is about a prince who loves a courtesan whom his sisters hate. The sisters, scowling ferociously, make an image of the courtesan and stick knives into it in the best tradition of witchcraft. Her slave Sebastian, for love of her, decides to break the spell by taking the place of the image. He is duly stabbed to death. When the sisters, dear little things, discover what has happened they assume such looks of thunder that their eyebrows almost meet their chins, and it is quite clear that they intend to stick more knives into her at the first opportunity. They may differ over the choreography, but

about the courtesan they are in full agreement.

ROSELLA HIGHTOWER is the company's leading dancer. We have seen her in the modern ballets and also, partnered by ANDRÉ EGLEVSKY, whom we knew before was a fine dancer, in Act II of *Swan Lake* and the *Black Swan* pas de deux. Miss HIGHTOWER's technique is brilliant, but her style is hard and unexpressive. The corps de ballet were distinctly ragged, but matters may mend when the company has had time to settle down.

D. C. B.

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"A single-leaf spring to replace the usual multi-leaved type . . ." "Commercial Motor."

And what tree will get the allocation?



"... one of the hottest August days since nineteen-fourteen and nineteen-thirty-nine."

Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Royalty in Extremis

IN *Twilight of the Kings* (MURRAY, 10/6) Mr. DANIELE VARÈ, a distinguished Venetian diplomat, recounts in a simple and often moving style the many misfortunes suffered by crowned heads in the last eighty years, from the Empress Eugénie's flight from Paris after the German victory to the departure from Italy of Victor Emmanuel III during the recent Allied occupation. One of his most delightful recollections is of the exquisitely beautiful wife of the Emperor Franz Josef, the Empress Elizabeth, who was assassinated at Geneva. She had a romantic temperament, loved Heine's poems and was wearied by court life in Vienna. When a small boy, he met her in an hotel in Florence, and touched her by his admiration of her hair, which she allowed him to stroke. As a young diplomat, the author saw something of the Princess Antoine Radiziwill, and quotes a very interesting letter in which she describes Edward VII's visit to Berlin in 1909. The people of Berlin received him coldly, and neither his nephew, the German Emperor, nor the court helped him to feel at home. At a ball he attended he was refused whisky-and-water and told that smoking was not permitted. When the last of the Tsars visited Italy in 1909, eleven thousand men guarded the railway line against possible wreckers. A few years later he was murdered in Russia. A different fate has befallen the present Crown Prince of Japan. He has an American governess, and is learning about Washington and Longfellow.

H. K.

Rumanian Peep-show

So much more than you would expect has been written in English about Rumania that Mr. HENRY BAERLEIN has compiled a second anthology, *Romanian Oasis* (MULLER,

15/-), from the rich leavings of the first. The idiosyncrasies of the observers are often as entertaining as the things observed. Bargrave, a Jacobean glorious in his original spelling, tells us with a pleasant flavour of Mr. Lear that "Yash is the Residential seat of Lupulo"; and a horde of consuls, merchants, explorers, divines and eccentrics of all kinds follow in his wake. A Unitarian M.D. takes a Transylvanian wife; an amorous mineralogist a Wallachian mistress; a parson spends the first year of Victoria walking along the Danube. Those seem to have been the peak days of "Daco-Roman" civilization. The befores and afters are more barbarous. Wolf-hunters are besieged by wolves, a gipsy violinist is murdered by a boyar; but you learn how to make sherbet and *sarmalé*, and (almost) to paint a Byzantine fresco. Rumania's raw deal in world-war number one emerges from the last section. As the far-seeing Gladstone remarked in 1856 at Brighton, "If you want to oppose an obstacle to Russia, arm this people with freedom and with the liberty and prosperity that freedom brings." To-day that would seem too dashing a programme to implement in Brighton—let alone Bucharest. H. P. E.

James II

Even the most ardent worshippers of the Stuarts have not been able to invest James II with any glamour. The most that can be done for him is to demonstrate that he was less odious than Macaulay paints him, and this Mr. F. C. TURNER does in his *James II* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 21/-), a five-hundred-page biography which is likely to remain the last word on its uninspiring subject. The patience, the calm, the unruffled judicial lucidity with which Mr. TURNER unfolds his story are extraordinary. Only once in the long and dreary record does he make use of the kind of epithets ("obstinate, stupid, sluggish") which a more irritable historian would have strewn on every page. The one attractive period in James's life was in his early twenties when he showed great gallantry in the field, first under Turenne and then with the Spaniards at the Battle of the Dunes, where he attacked Cromwell's Ironsides with an intrepidity which might have made some impression on those dour veterans had the Spaniards been animated by his own fury against the English rebels. There is nothing to be said for him in his later life either personally or as a politician, except that he was loyal to his brother, Charles II. His flight from England was largely due to a groundless fear that his son-in-law would treat him as Cromwell had treated his father; and in his declining years he was apathetic, with bouts of garrulous complacency. H. K.

Londinium

Archaeology's debts to warfare may not strike the outsider as obvious, but Roman Aquileia showed up under Italian bombing in 1916 and more recent blitzes have done their best for *Roman London* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 18/-). Much more, Major GORDON HOME believes, can be salvaged when reconstruction gets going; and the re-issue of his volume of 1925, greatly amplified, has this end in view. It chronicles the growth of the city—stronghold, port, mart, centre of administration—on obscure Celtic foundations; relates its fortunes as a sort of Imperial Singapore, its destruction by Boadicea and its fall to Teutons first brought over as extremely ill-conducted legionaries. It cannot be said that all the entertaining opportunities are extracted from the author's seven chapters of history. He is tetchy and wayward with Celts and Christians and gives less information about other races and cults than is necessary

to appreciate six chapters on civic life and that life's remaining relics. Archaeology is everything. Discoveries made between 1926 and 1938 are listed in detail. All the Roman inscriptions found—from a curse on two tyrants to a potsherd advertising eye-ointment—are faithfully reproduced. And if Roman London is not rebuilt on every Roman site uncovered or uncoverable, it will not be for want of enthusiastic and comprehensive research.

H. P. E.

Sartre for Sartre's Sake

The Blood of Others (SECKER AND WARBURG, 10/-) is by SIMONE DE BEAUVIOR, who shares with its high priest, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, the somewhat elusive doctrine of existentialism. With the French Resistance as background, the novel is told through a young man sitting by the bedside of his dying mistress, who has been beaten up by the Germans. While he watches her his mind travels back and his story is re-enacted: his relinquishment of wealth to be a Communist, his struggle to earn a living, his rise to be a leader of the labour movement, his strange relationship with this girl, which winds in and out of his busy life in Paris and has only lately turned to love. Where the account is straightforward it is vivid and sometimes powerful; Mlle. DE BEAUVIOR writes with evident understanding of the revolutionary young under pressure. But one is apt to come on this kind of woolliness: "I am alone . . . I am that anguish which exists alone, in spite of me; I am merged with that blind existence. In spite of me and yet issuing only from myself. Refuse to exist: I exist. Decide to exist: I exist. Refuse . . . decide . . . I exist . . . There will be a dawn . . ." This liberal punctuation is as printed. In a foreword the translators, Miss YVONNE MOYSE and Mr. ROGER SENHOUSE, prepare the reader for tricks of syntax and typography which include frequent switches from the first person to the third for the hero, and long bursts of italics to denote his dips into the subconscious. One gets the feeling that on this basis it would be perfectly logical to interpret still deeper dips with Chinese, upside down; and one is thankful to learn that in translation other such improvements on the more pedestrian methods of writing have had to be dropped.

E. O. D. K.

Peeping into Hell

Colonel F. O. MIKSCHÉ and Colonel E. COMBAUX in their joint study of the course of a new Armageddon—*War Between Continents* (FABER, 15/-)—find it difficult to keep an even balance between the old familiar strategies and organizations that to soldiers may well seem as fixed as natural law and the new disrupting forces of present-day science. They spend considerable energy in assessing the number of divisions suppositional combatants could muster and the lines on which various "friction areas" could be invaded, only to blow their plans, their formations and much else besides sky-high with the advent of the atom-bomb. Much dismal forecasting on lines that, incidentally, seem to take little account of Russia's internal difficulties—inadequate communications and demolished factories, for instance—does indeed stop short of spotting the winner in a duel between Anglo-Saxondom and the Slav, but it leaves two halves of the world engaged for an indefinite period in squibbing off atom-bomb rockets at one another over the top of the North Pole. In the political field the writers are a trifle more satisfactory, for though they put forward much barren claptrap about the rivalries of imperialistic capitalism, they do support a policy of European federation

by stages—apparently believing it to be their own original idea—as a way out of our troubles, as the only possible way indeed other than a change of heart at Moscow.

C. C. P.

Travel in Perspective

Many travel books struggle so hard to avoid the beaten track that they by-pass almost everything of real interest and read like dispirited fiction. A conducted tour has its drawbacks, but it is at least a tour. So the reader of *North American Binocular* (SYLVAN PRESS, 15/-) should be grateful to Mr. LANCE SIEVEKING for arranging his trip through Mexico, Canada and the United States of America to include all the "musts," from the Pullman faucet to Niagara. This trip was made just before the last war, and ten years of perspective undoubtedly lend enchantment to the view. We get all the highlights without any of the construction lines. Mr. SIEVEKING's log is racy, witty, sometimes salty and usually very shrewd. He swoons like the common man before the gorgeous Californian air-hostess, boggles at Hollywood, gapes at the gadgets and bares his head unashamedly in all the right places. Dove-tailed into these souvenirs we find a sermon on the New Technocracy and the Big Hustle sprinkled with grave warnings to British imitators. There is the little downtown sales-girl who, in an unrehearsed interview, answers the star broadcaster's question, "And tell the folks, Myrtle, what was the most thrilling experience of your life," with "Please, sir, I haven't had it yet." There are streamlined coffins, a Nude Ranch, comfort stations, mourning-black paper-fasteners, a dish of boiled parrot, Mexican drinks listed as "Nome-made lemonade" and "Sort of cider," a Trappist monastery . . . a wonderfully varied scrapbook of atrocities, absurdities and curios. Add to all this forty-odd strange and amusing photographs (including five of hydrants) and we have an exceptional and a most entertaining travelling companion.

A. B. H.



"You've obviously got no earthly idea what the inside of a penitentiary looks like."

Styled by Steinmetz

DEAR MR. STEINMETZ,—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt of the prototype for our re-designed "Wunda" Mincing Machine and the accompanying drawings. This seems very satisfactory indeed, and should prove a most salesworthy line when finished according to your specification in a vitreous opal glaze. The plastic lapis-lazuli button with the inscription "Styled by Steinmetz" gives a highly individual touch and yet seems to integrate the whole design. On Tuesday next, the 7th inst., we shall be holding a Production Conference to discuss the question of putting the "New Wunda" into manufacture, and I will advise you immediately should any points arise that warrant your further attention.

DEAR MR. STEINMETZ,—I now have pleasure in informing you that your design for the "New Wunda" Mincing Machine was placed before our sales and technical staff at a Production Conference yesterday afternoon, and was received with great enthusiasm. Our managing director has asked me to convey to you his own personal appreciation of a very fine piece of work: he was particularly impressed

by the plastic lapis-lazuli button with the inscription "Styled by Steinmetz," which in his opinion gives a highly individual touch yet succeeds in integrating the whole design. One small point I should perhaps bring to your attention; it appears that we still have in stock one hundred and forty gross of handles for the pre-war model, the department producing these having continued in production well into 1940, some months after the main production line had been turned over to grenade castings. Mr. Butterby, our chief engineer, suggests that by a trifling modification to the housing, on which our Design Office is at present working, these handles could still be utilized on the new model. This proposal carries the further advantage that our existing pattern for the cast-iron worm need not then be altered.

DEAR MR. STEINMETZ,—I have now investigated the position regarding production of the "New Wunda" Mincing Machine and, as I assured you when you telephoned to my home last night, everything is going ahead with as much expedition as, in the present difficult circumstances, can reasonably be expected. It is certainly

true, as Mr. Butterby I believe has informed you, that we are reluctantly compelled to omit the vitreous opal glaze since the delivery on fritting ovens is now twenty-one months from date of order. However, I am assured that our standard galvanized finish is considerably superior to that of comparable machines on the market, and it perhaps provides a better background than opal glaze for the plastic lapis-lazuli button bearing the inscription "Styled by Steinmetz." This not only gives a highly individual touch, but, now we have had to abandon the plastic handle-grip, seems more than ever to integrate the whole design.

DEAR MR. STEINMETZ,—I have your letter of the 31st ult., and hasten to assure you that, while difficulties in the supply of materials and equipment have inevitably led to some minor changes being made, we have no intention of departing from the spirit of your design, which indeed has received nothing but admiration from everyone concerned. In regard to your specific complaint that we have replaced the cam-operated clamp, jointly patented by yourself and this company, with what you term an "old-fashioned"



thumb-screw, the position is as follows: We have, as you are doubtless aware, a subsidiary company engaged in the manufacture of wringing machines: Mr. Butterby, who is Chief Engineer of this subsidiary, made the excellent suggestion that the cam-operated clamp would be readily incorporated in the "Bingo" Wringer, a small table model. Such contingencies are provided for, you will find, in our agreement. However, the main point is that the change in design will leave us with surplus capacity for the production of thumb-screws, and to minimize the already heavy re-tooling charges which we have to carry it was decided to use the "Bingo" thumb-screw in the "New Wunda" Mincing Machine. I am sure you will appreciate that this step was not taken without the fullest consideration being given to its reaction upon the total effect of your admirable design, but little change is necessary apart from the re-location of the plastic lapis-lazuli button with the inscription "Styled by Steinmetz." The clamp housing having been eliminated, the button will now be accommodated in an extension to the handle-boss, where its pronounced individuality will undoubtedly be a strongly integrating force in the whole design.

DEAR MR. STEINMETZ,—Since you were unable to attend yesterday's Production Conference I am advising you of the developments to date in regard to the "New Wunda" Mincing Machine. As you know, this company has from its inception maintained a forward-looking policy in the fields of both production and sales, and our Market Research Unit has lately conducted a Pre-production Analysis of consumer reaction to the new design. Selected as a typical consumer for this survey was Miss Carraway, the aunt of our Chief Engineer, Mr. Butterby. I need not burden you with all the details of the report submitted by our Research Unit, who had tea with Miss Carraway on Sunday last, the 14th inst. Briefly, let me say that she displayed great interest in the prototype mincer submitted for her inspection, a model specially constructed in our pattern-shop and incorporating all the minor changes that have been made to date. Although the hopper split when Miss Carraway attempted to mince some puppy biscuits, our Research Unit was satisfied that it had held together long enough for her to gain a true appreciation of the potentialities of the new design. Miss Carraway was, however, most emphatic in her opinion that no mincer produced by this company in recent years was at all

comparable with our model of 1901, of which she possesses what must, I think, be the only extant specimen. She has very graciously consented to lend this model to the company so that patterns can be made from it for production purposes, and we hope to commence manufacture in about eleven weeks. As Miss Carraway was very favourably impressed with the plastic lapis-lazuli

button bearing the inscription "Styled by Steinmetz"—she thinks it a very beautiful colour and her uncle had a piano of the same name—we are incorporating this in the new "New Wunda" Mincing Machine. It will unquestionably give a highly individual touch that was perhaps lacking in the model of 1901, and may well be the one thing needed to integrate the whole design.

I Love

DARK clouds are appearing on the nationalized horizon; ugly rumours have been going round that on one Region of British Railways the innocent pastime of "engine-spotting" is frowned on, and station-masters have closed their stations to those in pursuit of their hobby. Already there are signs that the engine-spotting movement has gone underground. "Open the Second Platform Now!" has been chalked overnight on station buildings; a dear old lady in bonnet and shawl, advancing timidly along Watford station, was seen to glance furtively round, whip out a little black notebook and pencil, and mutter "45196 Standard 4-6-0 Class 5"; and a party of men, wearing bowler hats, boots and moustaches, and purporting to be the Executive Committee of the National Union of Shoplifters, obtained access to Rugby mainline platforms shortly before the Royal Scot was due. This daring masquerade was exposed by a porter whose suspicions were aroused by a

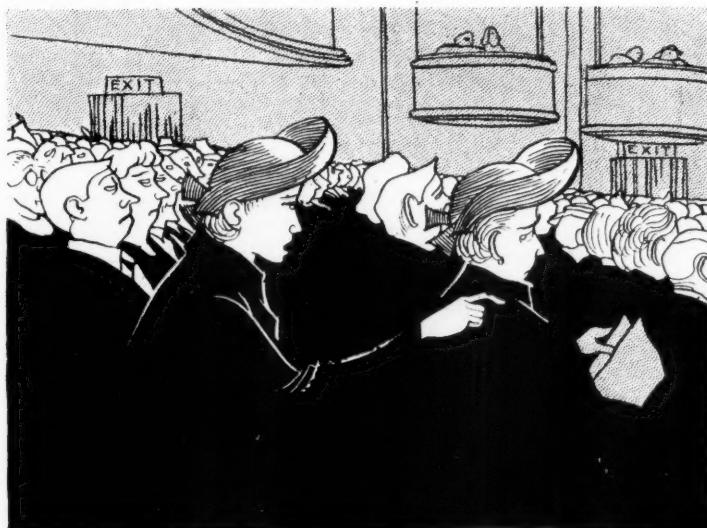
Trains.

small member of the party whose moustache fell off in his excitement at seeing a train hauled by two engines at once.

At the engine-spotters' Tactical Command Headquarters these incidents are considered as mere opening skirmishes in the Battle of the Railways. The talk is all of large-scale actions up and down the country, of mass attacks on Crewe by hundreds of parachutists disguised as milk-churns and mail-bags, of pincer movements on Willesden Junction, of "hitting 'em for six" with a straight left to Euston and a right hook on the St. Pancras.

The Railway Executive may barricade its platforms, summon all its policemen, issue pikes to all its porters; the battle is on, and the engine-spotters will fight to the last shunting-engine for that freedom which no true British boy surrenders without a struggle.

Even now, the Battle of Waterloo is being planned on the playing-fields of Eton.



"Would you mind removing your hat?"

Rodent Control

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am very anxious to have your opinion of my conduct in a recent difficulty. It is a problem of country life. May I explain the circumstances?

As ratepayers we have lately been informed that our Rural District Council employs a "Rodent Officer" for the destruction of rats and mice on all property except farms and other agricultural premises. The officer is a man (of sorts), not a cat nor a terrier, and he charges three shillings an hour for his services.

On the other hand rats and mice on agricultural premises must be destroyed, if at all, by the "Pests Officer" appointed by the Agricultural Executive Committee of the County Council.

You see how it is: The Rodent Officer must not catch rats on a farm, and the Pests Officer must not catch them anywhere else.

"The Authorities," we are further informed—and we tremble at the sound—"have decided that the campaign against rats and mice shall be intensified, and therefore the full co-operation of all members of the public is necessary." If you are "aware of the existence of any rats and/or mice" on your own premises, or in your immediate locality, you should at once

notify the Rodent Officer at the Council Offices.

So says the R.D.C.; but we gather that the relations between the two councils are a little strained just now. "My Council," writes the Clerk of the R.D.C., "has at present no jurisdiction as regards agricultural premises, but they (*sic*) are strongly advocating strict co-ordination with their own service." Which means that the R.D.C. is suffering from an acute inferiority complex.

Now about a week ago I became "aware of the existence" of a large brown rat which ran out at my front gate, crossed the road, and darted through a hole in the wall of the farm-yard opposite. My garden is private property, so as in duty bound I hastened to the telephone to ring up the Rodent Officer of the R.D.C. But before I reached it I realized that the rat was at the moment existing on farm premises, so that the Rodent Officer had no authority over him.

What should be done? If I rang up the Pests Officer he would almost certainly send me a form to fill up, and the first question would be, "Where was the rat when you first became aware of its existence?" If I replied, "In my garden," he would refer me to

the Rodent Officer with a rebuke, a charge for expenses incurred, and possibly a fine for my incorrect procedure. Besides, the rat might meanwhile recross the road, and so escape from the control of the County Council. He *would*, if he saw the Pests Officer coming.

But if I rang up the Rodent Officer he might come at once in search of the rat, charge me three shillings an hour for as long a time as he chose to spend on the journey, and have me imprisoned for false pretences when he found that after all the rat was on a farm and therefore out of his reach.

What was to be done? As a member of the public and a ratepayer I was bound to co-operate in the campaign of the authorities. But how?

Mr. Punch, sir, will you swear never to divulge my name to the authorities should they ask for it? You will? Thank you; then I do not mind telling you that I turned away from the telephone, whistled for Rascal, and made him aware of the existence of the rat; an existence which terminated very shortly afterwards.

Did I do right or wrong?

Yours respectfully,

NEMO.



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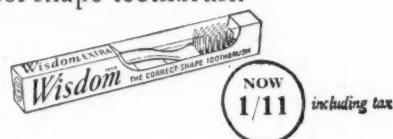
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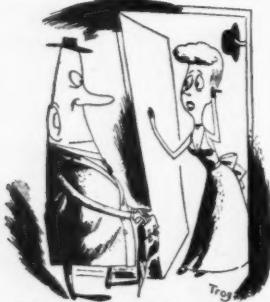
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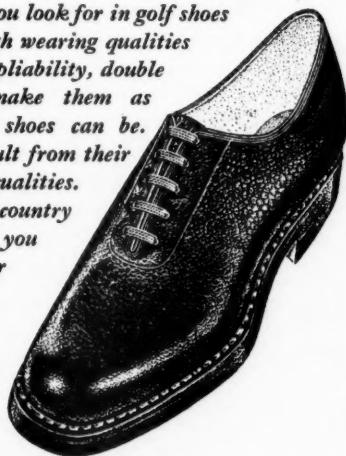
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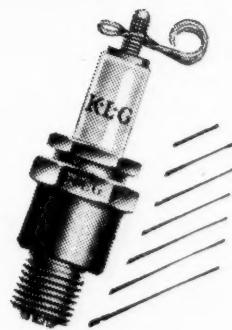
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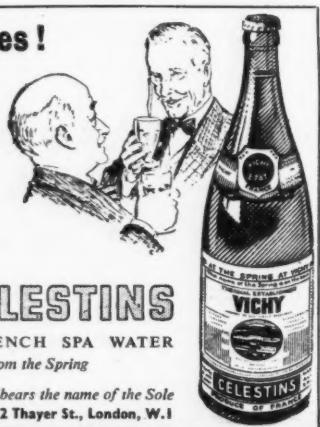
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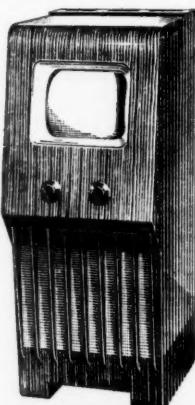
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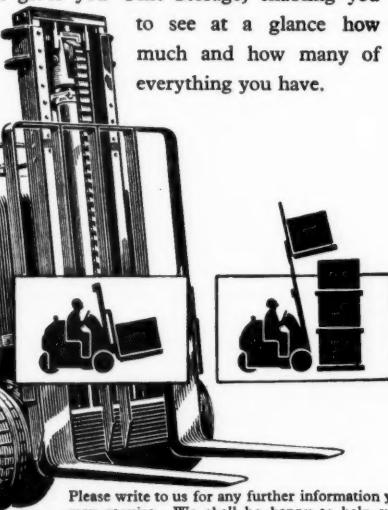


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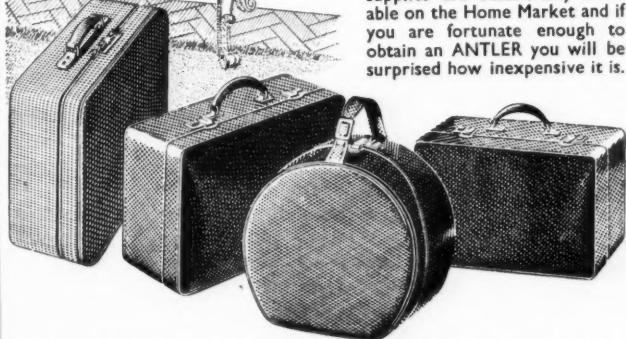


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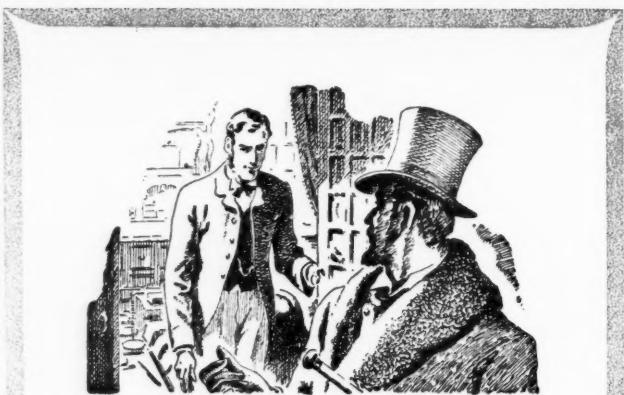
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